Northern Messenger

OLUME XXXVIII. No. 16 MONTREAL, APRIL 17, 1903. 30 Cts. Per An. Post-Paid

HE THREW THE BRANDY FLASK OUT OF THE WINDOW.

His Old Enemy.

('Friendly Greetings.')

The wind wailed and shrieked round the house; the snow was coming down so thickly that it was difficult to see one's way out of doors. Suddenly, there came a knock at the door of the minister's study.

'Please, sir, they've found a man in the snow, and don't know whether he's dead or not. Will you come down?'

Downstairs ran the minister, to find a snow-covered man lying insensible on the kitchen floor. A tradesman's cart had nearly driven over his prostrate body in the lane near by, and he had been brought to the minister's house as the nearest place of refuge.

As quickly as possible the doctor was fetched. The patient was partly roused to consciousness while being undressed and put into bed, but dropped off again into a deep sleep without speaking.

'He is in grave danger,' said the doctor, 'and it will require great care to pull him through. Is there anything about him that will tell us who he is?'

'There is a brandy flask in his pocket, and some letters,' said the minister. 'Robert Dale!' he exclaimed, with a start, as his eye fell on the address.

Bending over the man he looked earnestly at his face. 'I knew a Robert Dale once,' he said, turning to the doctor. 'He is sadly altered, but I have no doubt this is the same man.'

'Well, I must be off,' said the doctor. 'I will send round at once a mixture to be given him through the night. Don't let him have any more brandy—he has nearly killed himself with it already. He must have lain down in the road in a drunken sleep. Someone, of course, must sit up with him.'

'I will do so myself,' said the minister. 'Good-night.'

Left alone with Robert Dale, his mind became filled with struggling thoughts that he had believed long since laid to rest. In early life Robert Dale had been his bitter enemy. They had both wished to marry the same woman, and Dale, to gain his own desires, had done his utmost to blacken his rival's character.

Henry Maxwell had left home under a cloud; he passed through his college course, and settled down in a distant part of the country. His angry feelings died away, and he honestly thought he had forgiven his enemy.

But the sight of the man who had injured him called back the memory of that time in all its force. In the bitterness of his heart he had vowed to have his revenge on Dale some day. Now his enemy was in his power. He need do nothing; he had only to let him alone, and he would die in his sins. His death would be on his own head, for he had brought it on himself by dissipation and drink.

He started with horror at his own thoughts. He who preached forgiveness to others, to harbor such thoughts for an instant! He dropped on his knees. 'O God,' he prayed, 'give me grace to forgive, as I hope to be forgiven!'

But the struggle was a long and severe one, and it was a long time before the minister could say 'I forgive him fully.' And then, rising from his knees, he threw the brandy flask out of the window.

'Drink has brought him to this,' he said; 'God grant that I may be the means of leading him back to a better life.'

Another struggle was to take place in the minister's house—a struggle with death. For Robert Dale had so weakened his constitution by his wicked life that his chance of recovery was small. But care and prayer won the day, and at last the doctor was able to pronounce him out of danger.

'I owe you my life,' he said, as he grasped the minister's hand. 'I did you a great wrong years ago; you must have forgiven me, or you could not have treated me as you have done. But I can never forgive myself. I killed poor May by my evil life, and since then I have had to drink to drown memory.'

'But you will do so no more?' said the minister. 'The past cannot be undone by drowning the memory of it. I forgive you fully, now; but there is God's forgiveness, which is more important, to be obtained. Ask him to give you true repentance, and his Holy Spirit to amend your life according to his Holy Word. Christ is able to save to the uttermost those who come unto God by him.'

Many an earnest talk took place between the two men before Dale was well enough to travel. He had proved that 'the way of transgressors is hard,' and began to tread with faltering steps the upward path that leads to life. But difficult though that way is, those who tread it are sure of God's help, and the end is joy for evermore.

Old Chinese Joe

THE FIRST CONVERT IN NORTH HONAN.

('The King's Own.')

The missionaries spell his name, C-h-o-u, but you will be more likely to pronounce it alright if it is printed 'Joe.'

The Street chapel, in which I heard him tell his story, was crowded; and everyone listened with an attention at that time rare on the part of a Hsin-chen audience.

'For six years,' he began, 'I was a blind man.

'You will probably have some idea of what that means.

'I would have given almost everything I had to get my sight again.

'No matter where I went, I sought it in vain.

'I consulted some of our native doctors.

'They put stuff into my eyes and inflamed them, and made them, if anything, worse.

'I went the round of the temples.

'Before many a shrine I knocked my head on the brick floor, and burned incense to the gods, imploring them to give me sight.

'Stupid things!

'They had eyes themselves, but could not see with them.

'What help could they give a blind man?

'In desperation, I called my family to-

gether in the open court of my home, and there, as a last resort, burned incense to the Old Man in the Sky.

'If Lao T'ien Yeh really sends us rain and makes our crops grow, as we Chinese say, why should he not to able to wash the film from my sightless eyeballs?

'I pleaded most piteously.

'His ear, too, was deaf.

'I could not so much as see the smoke of my own incense.

'One day, long after I had given up all hope, I heard everybody talking about certain curious people from a far land, called Canada.

'Some said they were dangerous.

'They were bent on nothing else than scooping out our children's eyes in order to turn them into silver or medicine.

'When I asked why they should come so far, they told me it was because only Chinese eyes are good for this purpose.

'Others said they were shameless.

'Eye-scooping was their real errand; but to divert suspicion they made a pretext of going about to heal the sick, and even professed to be able to give sight to the blind.

'I opened my ears at that, and questioned my neighbors still more closely.

'Day after day some new story came in about their pretended powers, and of the cures they were working.

'I could stand it no longer.

'I called my son and had a talk with him; as the result of it, I ordered him to lead me to these men, that we might put their skill to the test.

'If it did no good, it would at least do no harm.

'We started out from our village home. It was not much trouble to find the city inn where they stayed.

'The whole place was, in fact, agog about them.

'There proved to be two, Teacher Goforth and Dr. MacClure; both strangely dressed, as my son informed me, in the clothes of their own nation. The doctor examined my eyes.

'It made my heart beat fast when he quietly said he thought they had a fa-tzu (a "method"), that would cure me.

'I asked if he was willing to try.

'"No," said he, "not now. You have come too late. You should have been here days ago. We are just about to leave the city, and it may take quite a time to cure a case like yours."

'"Where are you going?" I asked.

'He told me.

'"Then," said I, "can't I go with you, and you can cure me on the way?"

'"No," he replied, "that wouldn't work at all. It will be better for you to wait till we come this way again. We expect to be back before long."

'Home I went, disappointed.

'I was certain the foreigners were humbugs.

'I was certain they couldn't cure me, and that they would never be seen in the neighborhood again.

'But mark my words, friends, when any of these people makes a promise, he always keeps it.

'Just about the time the doctor mentioned, though he didn't turn up himself, another doctor did, and re-opened work with Teacher Goforth in the very same inn.

'I again told my son to lead me to the place.

'"O yes," said Dr. Smith—for that was his name—"we have a fa-tzu all right that will make you see. But there is something important to which you must agree before we try it."

'"What?" I asked.

'"You must come and live with us in this inn for ten or eleven days."

'"If that is all," I answered, "it can be easily managed. We shall engage the room right opposite, if you wish."

'"Wait a bit," said the doctor. "There is something else to which you must agree before that. This trouble in your eyes is very serious. Ordinary methods won't cure it. I can't give you any medicine to drink. I can't rub any ointment on your eyes. I must cut them with my knives. Do you agree to that?"

'I squirmed.

'But as the doctor insisted that there was no other method that would work, there seemed nothing for it but to consent.

'We moved over to the inn and he performed an operation, and then tied my eyes with a clean bandage, telling me I must on no account take this off till he himself should attend to it.

'I couldn't, for my own part, make out any use of it* all.

'Day after day, I sat in as great darkness as ever; listening without any interest to the preaching that was kept up across the way.

'It seemed as if the doctor would never uncover my eyes.

'At last he came.

'He removed the bandage, and held up his hand about a foot away from my face.

'"What have I here?" he asked.

'"Are they not your fingers?"

'"How many?"

'"Two."

'"Now, how many?"

'"Four."

'"Right," said the doctor, not a little excited.

'He seemed even better pleased than myself to find my sight was really coming back.

'In the course of time there was a noticeable improvement.

'I am no longer a blind man.

'I need no one now to lead me about.

'I can see the faces of my friends and can read large print like this.

(He held up a thick Bible, which my wife had given him.)

'I used to ask the doctor what I could do to show my gratitude; for he persistently refused a fee.

'"Believe on my Saviour," was his answer. "You cannot do better than follow him. If it were not for my Saviour I would never have been here to cure you."

'To tell the truth, I didn't know who the doctor's Saviour was; for I had paid no attention to the preaching.

'But from this out, I began to listen carefully, and ask questions, and now I know.

'I want to tell you that with all my heart I trust and follow Jesus Christ.

'I know what people are saying. They sneer at me, and hint that these men have given me a magic pill which has robbed me of all self-control, so that I must follow them wherever they may lead me.

'But I want to tell you—and tell you ever so earnestly—that it is not the Saviour of the British people that I follow, but the Saviour of the world.

'I want to tell you—and tell you ever so earnestly—that just as truly as there is only one sun in that sky above, so truly is there only one Saviour in the universe; and that is Jesus whom I know to be the Light of the World. He that follows Jesus shall not walk in darkness, but shall have the light of life.'

Look at the erect old man, as he stands in his flowing robes, almost in front of the inn door, and again sitting with his beloved Bible in his hand, and tell me if he is not well able to meet the cavils of his fellow-countrymen with the old-time saying: 'One thing I know: that, whereas I was blind, now I can see.'

The best of it is he sees Jesus, and endures, as seeing him who is invisible.

* For cataract.

Postal Crusade.

(To the Editor of the 'Northern Messenger.')

Dear Editor,—Will you kindly allow me to say that I cannot enter into a correspondence with anyone regarding the 'Leaflet' which was outlined in the 'Messenger' of April 10.

If a sample copy is desired, the one who asks for it will require to send a one-cent stamp. Every letter sent in without a two-cent stamp takes two cents away from my personal fund for the work in India. As time and strength have to be considered as well as stamps, questions regarding the work will be replied to only when necessary through the Question Drawer of the 'Leaflet.'

The first number contains an interesting letter from a missionary regarding his work in a section of the British Army.

All commission given me on papers or magazines ordered, goes into the circulation of free papers in Canada, so that the Post-Office Crusade is a Home and Foreign Mission by mail. In addition, thousands of papers and magazines have been circulated by interested friends through the North-West and in Quebec province. We have a most capable friend of the work in Manitoba, who spreads the good news sent him with genuine pleasure. Thirty cents a year will take you the 'Leaflet.' Will all help, and kindly remember 'The King's business requires despatch.'

Faithfully,

MARGARET EDWARDS COLE.

Address—

The Post-Office Crusade,
112 Irvine Avenue,
Westmount, Que.

I know of hardly any thought more painful to any generous-minded teacher than to think that he has ever indulged in a hard or sharp word to a little child who was being pressed by ill-health. Do remember that it is your most sacred privilege and most bounden duty not to press hard upon, and point out the defects of, but to lend a helping hand to support the weak.—Dr. Butler.

A Bagster Bible Free.

Send five new subscribers to the 'Northern Messenger' at thirty cents each and secure a nice Bagster Bible, suitable for Sabbath School or Day School. Bound in black pebbled cloth, with red edges, measures seven inches by five and three-quarter inches when open.

BOYS AND GIRLS

Jerry, a Candidate for Adoption.

(Agnes Louise Provost, in 'Advocate and Guardian.')

The St. Andrew's Orphanage is not a large institution, neither is it heavily endowed nor luxuriously equipped, although its location, on a highly respectable old street between two fashionable avenues, would indicate an income much larger than it has ever enjoyed. The many-roomed house was left by will to be used for this express purpose, and black-robed sisters came and fitted it out with rows of beds, and brought a horde of homeless little waifs, some round and healthy and wriggling with suppressed energy and others crippled or ill, with languid step and thin little faces.

Among these was one who answered to the plain and unadorned title of 'Jerry.' Whatever other name this little stray may have had was lost in the darkness of his brief past, before they had brought him here, very small and limp and tired, from a hospital where doctors had prodded and felt him; and had done strange things which hurt him. Later life had looked brighter, and a crutch had supplied assistance in locomotion. Now they said that as he grew older and stronger, if he were careful, he could one day cast even the crutch aside.

The other children romped noisily in the long, narrow yard at the back of the house, tumbling over themselves and one another, but Jerry loved best to steal away to his pet window seat, to watch the outside world as it passed, and to dream great dreams. Frequently the carriages of the very rich rolled through this street, taking a short cut between the gayer avenues, and in these and other evidences of the vast outside world Jerry was absorbingly interested. Gorgeous ladies leaned back in the carriages, with sometimes wonderfully bedecked little dogs beside them, and dignified gentlemen in livery sat up very straight in front and stared ahead of them. Jerry needed no tales of princesses and enchanted castles, with scenes like these before him.

There came a day when one special carriage drove through, changing the whole current of his dreams. It was very like the rest, with its sleek prancing horses, but the lady who sat alone there was unusually stately and beautiful, with soft furs about her throat and wonderful big eyes which happened to look up in passing, and so caught sight of the eager little pale pace pressed against the pane. She smiled a little, and then the carriage was gone, and Jerry felt a warm glow of delight still tingling over him.

From that moment no dream castle was complete unless she walked within it. He haunted the window, counting as little the many days of disappointment, when at last the carriage rolled through his quiet street again. She did not look up this time. But Jerry was content. He had seen her.

When the warm spring days came, detachments of the little orphans were taken to the park, and here again Jerry saw her, looking calm and haughty, but more beautiful than ever. There were those who said that Mrs. Trevilian was a coldly proud woman, especially since the death of her child, but Jerry saw only the most gracious loveliness. Usually he disliked to go to the park, for people stared at the little swarm of plainly uniformed children, and at his crutch, and it hurt him. Now he had an incentive to go, and he waited impatiently for his turn to come.

In the meantime a great event had ruffled the calm of the orphanage. Sometimes visitors from the outer world came to see them, and one of these had taken a fancy to a robust little fellow scarcely older than Jerry. Having no children of her own, she had adopted him, and had taken him away to her home. It was a great event in the lives of those who were left, and it gave to Jerry a new and brilliant idea.

What if his beautiful lady could be induced to adopt him? If he could only speak to her once, and ask her!

Once more he saw her, this time as they were returning from the park, a small convoy of uniformed midgets headed by a watchful sister. The carriage stood before a big house on the avenue, and she was just going up the steps. Jerry stood still in mute admiration until the door closed behind her and Sister Selina reminded him to come on. He stumped hurriedly up to her, his brain full of questions.

'Sister Selina, do you know that lady?'

'I know who she is, Jerry. She is a very rich lady, and her name is Mrs. John Trevilian.'

'Has she any little boys?'

Sister Selina looked surprised.

'I don't think she has, Jerry,' she answered, and Jerry said no more, but as he hobbled along he took note of the way by which they went, and rejoiced that there was but one turning to trouble his memory. Some day, when he could slip out, he was going to see this Mrs. Trevilian.

Fate was not kind to Jerry. Summer came and went, and he did not see her again, nor did the time seem ripe in which to make his call. Autumn deepened and grew cold before he heard her name again.

Visitors had come to the quiet orphanage, fashionable visitors in softly rustling gowns, and as they surveyed the embarrassed children drawn up for inspection, they chattered among themselves.

'Isn't it dreadful about John Trevilian?' a voice near Jerry murmured, and Jerry stiffened with excitement.

'Shocking. He was buried the day before yesterday, was he not?' another responded in a subdued tone. 'They say he has been investing with fearful recklessness of late, and matters grew worse and worse until he shot himself.'

'I heard that Mrs. Trevilian won't have a penny left,' the first voice pursued meditatively, and then they moved away, leaving behind them a numb and bewildered child leaning on a crutch.

She was in trouble, the beautiful lady whom he had elected to be his mother. Something dreadful had happened.

Until they were dismissed Jerry stood like a statue, wondering what it could mean. Then he slipped out quietly and made for the front door.

It was a propitious time for escape, since the Sisters were busy with the visitors. Jerry stumped out with reckless haste, bare-headed and without a coat, and sped up the street as fast as his crutch would carry him.

The events of the past few days had left tragic lines on Mrs. Trevilian's face. Life had always dealt gently with her, laying its fairest gifts at her feet, but now she was more than alone. The husband who had gratified her lightest wish was dead, and put away from her, and a stigma of disgrace lay upon his memory. People who had crowded to her house before would forget her when the nine days' gossip was over, and pass her by. She knew her world too well not to realize that this would end it all, except for the very, very few who would remember her for herself alone.

Scarcely a sound disturbed the stillness in the great house. Even the rustle of her skirts sounded loud and harsh to her over-wrought nerves, keyed to the highest tension, yet since the day she had buried her husband no tears had come to relieve the hard calm of her eyes. All about her were things beautiful and rare and costly, dear because associated with the best years of her married life. Her husband had surrounded her with these in his great but mistaken kindness, and for such as these had gone deep into debt, even to dishonor, until there was no way out but the swift one he had taken.

The thought was too much for passive endurance. Mrs. Trevilian stood suddenly upright, with clenched hands held rigidly at her sides. Only a day or two more and these rooms would be swarming with people who would come from prying curiosity, or to buy her most cherished possessions, and they would whisper and shrug their shoulders, and comment upon the past of the dead man and the future of his wife. An angry quiver swept over her, and she threw up her head in defiance of what she knew they would say.

'I am growing hard and bitter,' she told herself, scornfully. 'All that is tender and womanly seems to have left me in these few terrible days. Perhaps it would have been different, if——'

She looked over to her dressing-case, where an exquisitely painted miniature always hung, a fair baby face dimpling with some of the quaint, unguessed conceits of babyhood. She had stayed with them but a few months, this little angel visitor, and then the light had gone out of the big house.

'If you had lived, little daughter, it would have been to a heritage of poverty and a dishonored name.'

Mrs. Trevilian turned away, moving restlessly out into the hall. A smoking jacket of her husband's still lay across a chair, because she would not have it disturbed, and, in passing, she laid her hand on it and tightened her lips, as though defiantly protecting him against what the world might say.

From the lower hall a childish treble floated up. It was an unaccustomed sound in this house at any time, and in the hush which enveloped it now it sounded almost startling.

'But I want to see her so awful much! If you'd just tell her it's Jerry, an' he wants—he wants——'

The voice stopped in a gurgle which indicated heroic measures of self-control

on the part of the small visitor. Jerry was exhausted in body and perturbed in spirit. Many a block had he stumped along, borne up by a soaring hope, many were the questions he had asked before he had found the house, and here upon the very threshold of Paradise was he thrust back.

'It's somethin' very p'tic'lar,' he ventured, gazing up into James's imperturbable countenance with the desperation born of a last hope, but the relentless hand was closing the door in his face.

'No, sir; run along wid ye. Th' lady can't be bothered wid beggin'.'

'You may let him in, James. What is it?'

The door opened again with a flourish, and Jerry whisked in with trembling haste, fearful lest even yet he should be thrust into outer darkness. Leaning breathlessly on his crutch, Jerry stared soberly at the lady who was to be his mother.

How very grand and beautiful she looked, sweeping down the broad stairs in her trailing black robes, and her face so white and cold above them! Jerry quaked at his temerity, and shrank within himself, feeling without realizing that the fair and lovely face in the carriage had been gentler than this woman with the cruel sorrow to bear.

A sudden impulse of fellow feeling, which she was far too weary to analyze, had moved Mrs. Trevilian to have this odd little waif called in, and with one hand on his shoulder she drew him into a wonderful room filled with draperies in subdued and harmonizing colors, and soft chairs and divans and amazing creations in bric-a-brac, the like of which had not entered into Jerry's wildest dreams.

'Now,' she said, kindly, feeling more human than she had in days as she led him to a divan and sat beside him, so that her sombre draperies swept around them both, 'will you tell me what it is that you wish?'

The question floated through Jerry's head and lost itself in the bewildered maze of his thoughts. His crutch slipped to the floor, as with hands clasped sedately upon his knee he sat and stared earnestly at Mrs. Trevilian, his solemn eyes intent upon her face.

'You are a very pretty lady,' he said, simply, drawing a long and contented breath. 'I love you.'

Mrs. Trevilian's hand trembled as she laid it lightly on his head.

'Thank you, dear,' she said, gently. 'Now, won't you tell me your name, and why you came here?'

'Just Jerry. I guess that's all the name I've got. An' I b'long at St. Andrew's Orphnidge, an' I used to see you in your carriage. Once you smiled at me. An' to-day'—Jerry's eyes grew black with excitement as he reached this point—'we had lady visitors, an' they said somebody'd shot himself, an' wasn't it dreadful, an' you didn't have a penny!'

Jerry paused, out of breath. Mrs. Trevilian's eyes were hard and strained again, and she was staring at the door and biting her lips. It was too cruel; even at some obscure orphanage they were retailing this miserable story. She pressed her hand to her face with nervous force.

'I'm awful sorry,' the small visitor continued in a subdued tone, awed by the solemnity of the subject and its strange effect upon his hostess. 'An' then, Sister Selina said once that you didn't have any little boys, an' I thought I'd ask you please to 'dopt me. A lady 'dopted a little boy from our place once. I—I wouldn't make any trouble.'

Mrs. Trevilian laughed suddenly, a bitter and mirthless laugh, which came like a shock to the sensitive child, breathlessly awaiting his sentence. His chin quivered, and he caught his breath suddenly. All the light had gone out of his little world.

'Child,' said Mrs. Trevilian, sadly, drawing his two hands into one of hers. 'They didn't tell you I was little more than a pauper now, did they? I am poor, and in a few days I must lose this pretty home, and the servants and carriages you saw, and live on a miserable pittance. The lady who adopted your little friend was not such as I.'

'I didn't mean to make you angry.' Jerry struggled manfully against the tears. 'They said you would be poor, but I didn't care for that. I just thought you was lonely, an' I was lonely, an'—an' I wanted you to be my mother now. I eat such a little, I wouldn't cost much. An' some day, the man said, I could go without my crutch, an' then, w'en I grew up, I could take care of you, you know, an'—an'——'

The limit of endurance had come. Jerry's quivering voice broke into deep-drawn sobs and an aimless hand groped blindly for his crutch. After all, he was a very, very small boy, and he was all alone in a very large world.

Quickly remorseful that in her own grief she had hurt him, Mrs. Trevilian gathered the shabby little bundle into her arms, drawing his head to her shoulder.

'Forgive me, little Jerry. I was not angry with you. If I were rich again I think I should be very happy to take a little boy like you. I might have done it long ago. But now I have nothing to give you.'

The voice of his sobs had subsided, and Jerry sat up, drooping and subdued, and slipped to the floor after the lost crutch.

'I guess I'd better go,' he said, soberly. 'Sister Selina, she'll be worried. She don't know where I am.'

Mrs. Trevilian looked at him with troubled eyes, and ordered the carriage which would be hers but for a day or two longer.

'I will go with you, Jerry,' she said, but Jerry evinced neither pleasure nor reluctance, and obediently followed her to the carriage when it came, shrinking into his corner without word of comment. He had nothing more to say.

Mrs. Trevilian watched the huddled figure and was sorry. She had not meant to rebuff the child harshly, although it had seemed to her such a bitter irony that he should come at this time with his ingenuous request. It turned her thoughts again to the bewildering question of ways and means, of which in her luxurious life she was scarcely wiser than he. She closed her eyes, the better to think it over, and began to figure once more the approximate income on which she must live. From her husband's estate there would be little, perhaps nothing, upon which she could count with certainty, so she must rely upon the little in her own name, a quaint little cottage on Long Island, a home, to be sure, although she had never considered it in that light before, and an annual income no more than she had sometimes paid for a single gown. She smiled in the darkness as she remembered that such as Jerry would consider even this a dazzling opulence. To her it seemed absurdly meagre. A deprecating voice broke the silence.

'Are you so very poor?'

'It seems so to me, Jerry.'

'Will you have to beg?'

'Oh, no!' Mrs. Trevilian smiled again in spite of her troubled thoughts, as she heard the sigh of relief from her companion. Jerry continued eagerly, anxious to make amends for past offences.

'I'm sorry I made you angry. An' I've got two pennies of my own, that a lady gave me once, an' I—I'd like to give 'em to you, please, to help you 'long.'

The carriage stopped as he was speaking and there was a hot flush on Mrs. Trevilian's face as she went up the steps with her charge.

Within there was anxious confusion, for Jerry had been missed and night had fallen without word of his whereabouts. It was Sister Selina who met Mrs. Trevilian and heard her courteous explanations, but Jerry stood mute and dejected before them, and scarcely heard what they were saying until a strange sounding sentence struck upon his ear.

'Then, as he has no relatives whatever, I presume that there will be no obstacles in the way of my taking out papers of adoption at an early date? I will rear him as my own son, and give him my name and what education may be in my power. If it is not against your rules, I should like to take him back with me to-night.'

There was no mistaking the quiet deliberation of her voice. In his excitement Jerry dropped that everlasting crutch again and scrambled after it, scarcely daring to breathe as Mrs. Trevilian completed her brief arrangements with Sister Selina. Then she stooped and lifted him in her arms, where he clung to her and laughed breathlessly, speechless with his enormous good fortune.

'Come, little Jerry,' she said, gently, 'we are going home. In a few days we shall leave the big house and go to a little one in the country, but that will be home, too, for you and me. You are going to stay with me always, for I know how very lonely I should be without you. And while we were in the carriage I found out something else, which you may not understand now, but it is this, that however little our God may give us in the world, it is almost certain to be enough for two. I think, little Jerry, that what we have will seem twice as large when you and I share it together.'

NORTHERN MESSENGER PREMIUMS.

A reliable and handsome Fountain Pen, usually sold at $2.00, manufactured by Sandford & Bennett, New York, given to 'Messenger' Subscribers for a list of ten subscriptions to 'Northern Messenger' at 30 cents each.

The People's Horse, Cattle, Sheep and Swine Doctor. This book gives a description of the diseases of the Horse, Cattle, Sheep and Swine, with exact doses of medicine. Usually sold at $1.00, will be given to 'Messenger' subscribers for a list of seven subscriptions to the 'Northern Messenger' at 30 cents each.

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A Hero.

(Mary O. Elster, in 'Union Signal.')

To have, and then to lose, the sense of sight—that is indeed a misfortune; but as Jack Turner had been blind from birth, he knew no reason why his fingers and his ears were not the best of servants. They told him so many things! He was gifted with an active and imaginative mind, his touch and hearing were especially acute, and Jack was a happy boy.

Probably no one knew, so well as he, the exact location of everything in both house and barn. He had examined the woods and meadows with his sister Kate ever since he could walk, and for miles around the farm houses and roads leading to them were quite familiar to him. Jack lived in a country district of New Jersey, where rocks, hills and rapid mountain streams form the most prominent features of the landscape. Morristown was their nearest post-office, and this was five miles away. But Jack, with the aid of his stick, had travelled many times the different roads that led thither.

The Turner family consisted of but three members—the father and two children. The mother had died when Jack was very young. Kate, some five years older than he, had been housekeeper, nurse, teacher, and everything needful in their home since the mother left them.

A New Jersey farmer, with no income but that derived from fifty acres of rock land, was not, in the days I write of, a very well-to-do individual. Mr. Turner worked early and late, but plain food and clothing were all he could give his children.

Kate had received a little schooling before her mother's death, and since then her father had encouraged her to read aloud to him evenings, while he made shoes, or mended harness.

Books were few, but the Bible and Pilgrim's Progress could be read many times, and occasionally a volume would be lent them by a neighbor.

Jack's education was the most difficult problem; but when the boy was ten years old, an uncle in New York sent him a book printed for the blind; and Kate had, with great patience and care, taught him to read.

The chief need now was more books, and they had no money for such expensive luxuries. Jack had also much musical talent, and an accordion was his only instrument, if we except that divinest of instruments, a voice of rare strength and quality.

Mr. Turner often sighed as he thought of what might be done for Jack had he the money to spend upon the boy's education.

In spite of deprivations, however, Jack was happy. He was now fourteen, tall and strong for his age. Much outdoor exercise and homely fare had made him a very manly boy. And now came the event which made him a hero.

A heavy snow had lain upon the ground for nearly two months, but the January thaw had set in; the streams were flowing madly down their channels, and bridges everywhere were put to the severest test.

The 'fresh,' as the country people called it, was causing much havoc and alarm. Unfortunately, Mr. Turner had business in Morristown which would admit of no delay.

'If I do not get home to-night, children, it will be for want of a bridge at Jackson's. That bridge is said to be unsafe, and may go down. Do not worry about me. I shall stay at cousin Tom's if all is not safe. Take good care of everything here.' And taking old Bill, a strong and trusty horse, and the light top phaeton, he set out early in the day.

Some hours later a heavy rain began, and the day wore gloomily away with no signs of clearing. At four lamps were lighted, and when six came the children ceased look for their father, and began to make ready for the night.

Jack was always the one to go if anything was wanted from the yard or barn in the evening. He knew every step of the way, and it gave him pleasure to be of some use. So he now donned his thick coat, cap and mittens, took his stick and started for the barn.

Kate finished her preparations for breakfast, replenished the fire, and being tired and sleepy, put out the light and went upstairs to bed, leaving the door unlocked for Jack.

Jack made his way through the rain to the barn, and was greeted by an impatient neigh from Dolly, the bay mare, who thought her supper late in coming. He gave her the usual allowance of oats and hay, and brought her a pail of water from the well. Bess, the cow, had her share of attention also. His work completed, he went toward the door which opened to the road to see if it was bolted, when the sound of voices reached his ear. Jack's ears were doubly acute by reason of his blindness, and he distinctly heard someone say in a whisper: 'It'll make us trouble if they've gone and bolted the door.'

Now, though Jack was no coward, a queer sensation crept over him at these words, and he quickly drew himself into an empty stall close at hand. Another voice now spoke: 'Let's look for a light—nobody'd be about here to-night without a lantern.' Having apparently satisfied themselves that the barn was unoccupied, they tried the door and stepped inside. It was too dark to see the hand before the face, so that Jack was secure from detection, if he could keep perfectly quiet; but to him who had always lived in darkness, there came no feeling of security. He could never quite understand why people who had eyes could not see with them at all times. Now in his fright he crouched in a corner of the stall, expecting every moment to be attacked. The two men closed the door, and stepping cautiously along the floor a little way, threw themselves down as if exhausted.

'Bah! a nasty night,' said the gruffer voice, which somehow sounded familiar to Jack. 'I vow I never want to do business again on such a night. I'm wet to the skin.'

'A good night for our trade, Jim,' replied the other. 'It'd be sharp eyes that could see us, and this rain'll leave no tracks behind. In fact, I consider it a sort of special Providence. Then, there's old Turner off at Morristown; can't get home to-night. Lucky we heard him tell Van Buskirk he was going to stay at Peter's. Ha! ha! Want of bridges don't stop us, though it isn't everybody would dare to crawl across that log at Rocky Point, on such a night as this. I think we shall earn our horse. We ought to get something else to make a square job of it. Are you sure there's nothing at the house?'

'I tell you they're poor as church mice, and I won't scare that girl and blind boy, and make nothing by it.' Jack started, for he now recognized the voice as belonging to Jim Walters, who a year or two before had assisted his father in haying and harvesting; and who had a bad name for honesty in the neighborhood. 'This Dolly'll pay us for our job,' Jim continued. 'She's no common horse. I've had my eye on her ever since she was a colt; thought old Turner might as well have the expense of raising her. She'll sell down in York for a cool five hundred; but we'll keep her hidden until the thing's well blown over.'

'Tell ye what, Jim,' broke in the other. 'don't let's leave an empty stall to tell tales. We can accidentally drop a spark from our pipe, you know; and they'll look for her bones among the ashes.'

Poor Jack! How the hot blood tingled in his veins as he listened. And there was Bess to be burned! the dear, gentle creature who loved him so, and who lay now chewing her cud just the other side of the partition against which he leaned. He could smell her fragrant breath through the boards. Could he not save her from so horrible a fate? But how? For himself, he had lost all fear, as heroes do when danger presents itself to others dear to them. The thought of losing Dolly and Bess withdrew his mind entirely from his own uncomfortable, and perhaps dangerous situation, and inspired him with courage. The voices continued: 'We'll stay here and sleep till about three. I'm dead broke, can't go any furder. After a good night's rest we'll saddle the mare and be over the mountains before the daylight. Let's crawl into the haymow and turn in; no danger of being disturbed.' So saying, they felt their way to the ladder and ascended it. Jack waited until he felt sure they were asleep, then crept softly out the back door, which he had left ajar on entering.

What should he do to rescue Bess and Dolly and to save his father's barn?

Their nearest neighbor lived half a mile away, but was at present in New York at work. There were other farm houses within a mile, but the roads were almost impassable at such a time as this. Jack did not dare to attempt to reach them.

The main road to Morristown, he knew was fairly good, and a mile this side of the town lived the sheriff, Mr. Garrignes, a particular friend of his father. But his next thought was that the bridge at Jackson's, this side of there, was gone! Like a flash came the recollection of what the men had said about the log at Rocky Point. Jack knew this place well. It was about a quarter of a mile to the right of the Morristown road. The banks of the stream were high and bluff-like, and a huge tree, growing on one of the bluffs, had fallen directly across the creek, forming a sort of natural bridge, very strong, and so high above the water as to be in no danger of dislodgment by any rise.

Kate and Jack had often crossed here when berrying—she holding her brother by the hand. He had never ventured over it alone.

'But I can, and I will,' thought he. 'If it is slippery, I can crawl on my hands and knees.'

Then he thought of Kate. If she was

awake, and became alarmed at his long stay, she might go to the barn. So he entered the kitchen and called at the foot of the stairs: 'In bed, Katie?' 'Yes,' answered she, sleepily. Be sure you look the door.' 'I will,' said he, feeling guilty at this, his first attempt to deceive his sister. He went out the door, locked it, putting the key in his pocket, and with stick in hand turned his face toward Morristown. The rain fell in torrents and the wind drove it into his poor sightless eyes; it ran in streams from his cap brim, soon soaking every garment. Ah! well for Jack that he was blind, for the vain attempt to pierce this Egyptian darkness—the straining to see his way, instead of being content to feel it, would have been the greatest terror of the journey to one accustomed to seeing.

But the darkness had no terrors for Jack, and the excitement prevented his feeling either wet or cold. His blood was boiling, his cheeks burning. To be sure, the stony road was slippery, and many gullies had been washed across it. More than once did he fall headlong into a pool of mud and water; but he only picked himself up and hastened on. He fancied he saw Kate's grief at the loss of her favorites, and thought of his father's despair if the barn should burn. How slow the progress he made! It seemed to him the greater the effort the less the headway. In his day journeys he had always been largely guided by the sounds of life along the road or in the fields. Now all was silent as the grave, and he found it necessary to keep near enough the fence to reach it with his stick. But this caused him many a stumble over unexpected obstructions, often hurting himself severely, though he advanced with great caution. How long the road seemed! Should he never reach the creek? At last the top of the hill was gained, and he came to where he must turn off toward Rocky Point. A small stake set upon the fence marked the place.

With his stick swinging from side to side he could keep the narrow path leading to the creek. Now he could hear the rushing and roaring of the usually quiet little stream. Slowly, painfully Jack plodded on. Now his stick touches the upturned roots of the great tree. He ties his staff securely about him, so as to leave his hands free. And now climbing upon the wet and slippery trunk, he proceeds to crawl over the water far below. He is drenched, tired, benumbed with cold, yet he does not for a moment abandon his purpose. Dolly and Bess must be saved, and there is only he to do it. He cannot tell how long he is in crossing—it seems ages. Upon the other side, he sinks exhausted, but thoughts of the danger threatening his home stimulate him. Only half a mile remains, and the worst is passed.

Near midnight the Garrignes household were surprised by hearing the bell.

The servant answering it saw a bedrabbled figure, she hardly knew, for Jack Turner. 'I must see Mr. Garrignes,' gasped he. 'He is in bed.' 'Call him! Oh, I am afraid we shall be too late!'

The frightened girl ran to Mr. G.'s room and told him something dreadful had happened at the Turner's. He hastened to the kitchen, where Jack stood dripping pools of dirty water upon the floor, as he told his story.

'Those are the very fellows we've been looking for these two years. We have suspected them all along—now we have a sure thing of it. Do you know you will get two thousand dollars' reward, Jack?' Poor Jack! It was so sudden, and he was so weak from exposure and toil that he fainted quite away.

On recovering consciousness he found himself being driven rapidly homeward. 'The bridge is down!' cried he. 'We shall take another road,' Mr. G. replied. 'There is plenty of time and we have fast horses.'

The officers, leaving Jack at the house and their horses some distance below, proceeded to the barn, where they found the men fast asleep, and before they could offer resistance both were securely ironed. Jack crept softly to bed, and Kate slept on, unconscious of danger. Great was her surprise and Mr. Turner's when they learned next day of Jack's adventure. The prisoners proved to be the long-sought horse thieves and Jack received the reward, which all agreed he had fairly earned.

His father insisted that the money should be devoted to Jack's education; so spring found him in New York with Uncle James, under one of the best music teachers, and for several years he pursued his favorite study; after which he received an appointment as musical instructor in an institute for the blind.

Now when Kate's little daughter climbs upon his knee and asks, 'Were you not afraid, Uncle Jack, crossing the creek that dark night on that slippery log?' he laughingly replies: 'Why, Edith, to me it was just as light as day!'

Why She Lost it

(H. R. Woodbine, in 'Conservator.')

Mina Welding was a bright girl, though perhaps not as bright as she thought herself. But that may be said of a great many people.

One evening, she came bounding into the house and said to her mother, who was sewing in the sitting-room:

'Mother, I hear that Mr. Sandover, the editor of the 'Compass,' wants a clerk. That's just the kind of a position I'd like.'

'Has he advertised for a clerk?' asked Mrs. Welding.

'No, he's afraid he'll have a crush of applicants, and so he's just looking around and trying to find the clerk he wants in a quiet way. Somebody mentioned me to him, and he said he wished I'd come up to his office. I'm going the first thing in the morning.'

'I hope you'll succeed,' said her mother. 'You could earn your clothes, and may be help a little to keep the pot boiling these hard times.'

If you think Mina delayed her going to Mr. Sandover's office the next day, you do not know what an energetic little body she was. Bright and early she entered the office. She stated her errand in her brisk way, and told Mr. Sandover about her acquirements.

'I am pleased with what you say,' Mr. Sandover stated at the end of the interview. 'Come up day after to-morrow, and I may give you a trial with some work.'

The young girl hurried home in a very hopeful frame of mind, and told her mother that Mr. Sandover and his office were 'just delightful.' It would be 'splendid' to work in such a place.

In this sanguine mood she spent the day, and in the evning she and her 'chum,' Lizzie Osgood, went to a service in one of the churches—the one the girls usually attended. It was a small church in the suburbs, near Mina's home.

Now, you would scarcely believe it of Mina, but truth compels me to say that she was not as well behaved in church services and at other gatherings as she should have been.

That evening she and Lizzie had a vast amount of sport themselves, and kept the circle of girls around them in a titter, disturbing many people who wanted to listen to the sermon, so that the minister had to reprimand them.

That made Mina angry. But whom do you suppose she saw when the service was over, as she turned to look back over the church?

'Oh, Lizzie,' she whispered, 'there's my editor, Mr. Sandover, the man I'm going to work for—any way, I'm almost sure of the position. Isn't he a fine looking man? He's smart, too, I tell you. He's looking this way now. My! hasn't he got keen eyes?'

At the appointed time, the second day after, she made her way to the office of the 'Compass' to decide on final arrangements about the position. Mr. Sandover turned in his revolving chair as she entered, and scanned her searchingly.

'Well, you have come to see about that position, have you?' he said. 'I was at the Lisbon street church night before last. You were there?'

'Yes,' Mina replied, her face turning several colors.

'I saw a couple of girls behaving themselves very badly during the service,' the editor went on. 'One of them was the leader in the mischief.'

He paused, and Mina wished the floor would open and let her sink through.

'Now, my young friend, I recognized the girl who conducted herself so badly, and I have decided that any girl who has such mistaken ideas of smartness isn't smart enough to work in my office. She took advantage of the minister and misbehaved when he was not looking. How do I know but she might be dishonest in working for me? I can make no use of your services in my office.'

The editor resumed his writing, while Mina crept home a humbler and a wiser girl.

Mr. Studd's Father.

Mr. C. T. Studd, the cricketer missionary, has been telling how he and his father were converted. Mr. Studd, sen., was a wealthy sportsman, and he brought his sons up to dislike religion. He wanted them to be 'manly fellows,' sportsmen, like himself. But he attended one of Mr. Moody's meetings in London, and was converted. 'You never saw such a change in any man,' says his son. 'It was the same skin, but another man was inside it. We all thought him crazy.—quite off his head.'

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This picture shows Nelson's ship, the 'Victory,' as she headed the column of British war-ships attacking the French and Spanish fleets at Trafalgar. He beat the enemy, though they were superior both in size and in numbers, but was fatally wounded during the battle. The flags flying at the maintop are the beginning of his famous signal, 'England expects every man to do his duty.'

A Little Fellow and a Big Fellow.

(By Mary E. Q. Brush, in Herkimer, N.Y., 'Sunday-school Times.'

There were thirty-six plump muskmelon seeds, and Bobbie planted them very carefully, tucking nine in each of the four mounds of earth his fat hands had heaped, smoothed, and patted down.

'My garden's to be all melons this year. I'll have enough to eat, and lots to sell,' he called out proudly to Harry Wood.

Now Bobbie and Harry were great friends, though the former was only five years old and recently out of kilts, while the latter wore a stand-up collar, a butterfly neck-tie, and was even thinking about 'putting on long trousers.'

Harry's tone, though patronizing, was kind, as he enquired, 'So you really think, sonny, that you'll have a big crop of melons?'

'Of course!' and Bobbie's voice was full of pride. 'I mean to take awfully good care of the plants.'

And, indeed, as the weeks went by, Bobbie did tend his melons most faithfully, and in spite of many discouragements. For in two of the brown mounds the seeds failed to appear—whether they had been planted too deep, or whether they had been nibbled by some wandering worm, nobody could tell.

However, the other two mounds soon bristled with luxuriant green plants. These, under Uncle Jed's advice, Bobbie thinned out carefully, weeded, and watered. Then, alas! one night when the little boy was sound asleep (dreaming of luscious melons), an evil-minded cutworm

sawed away in the moonlight, and, when morning came, half the plants lay wilting and dying.

Bobbie would have cried over them, but then, salt water wasn't good for plants (only asparagus, Uncle Jed said), and so, instead, he did his best to save the rest of his plants. Soot from the kitchen stove-pipe, tobacco from another pipe (the hired man's) routed the wicked cutworms. Then a warm rain, followed by sunshiny days, made the melons grow as fast as 'Mr. Finney's turnip behind the barn.' They got ahead of weeds, bugs, and worms, and began to put forth pert little runners dotted with yellow blossoms.

Then, one woful day, Mrs. O'Brien's cow got out of the pasture, and wandered about until she reached the Barker garden, and on her way to reach the dozen rows of young corn, what must she do but place her feet right on his last hill of melons—smashing every trailing vine but one!

And this time Bobbie cried. And Harry Wood, who came over to see the extent of the damage, tried to whistle cheerily, as he said, 'Well, the old bossie didn't tread on your very best vine. See, you have one left, and—see, if there isn't a melon on it as large as my biggest agate marble!'

Now Bobbie hadn't noticed this, and he was so delighted that he quite forgot his tears.

The one lonely melon grew rapidly until it began to look very well. Then one day—it was when Bobbie and the rest of the Barkers went to the county fair—the young Plymouth Rock rooster squeezed himself through the chicken-yard palings, and what else must he do but stalk boldly up to that melon and begin to peck at it! Tap, tap, tap! went his yellow beak, until he broke right into the juicy, salmon-pink heart.

It was Harry Wood who saw him, and drove him back into the hen-yard. But most of the melon rode away in the stomach of the Plymouth Rock.

Harry looked down mournfully at the bits of rind, scattered seeds, and pulp remaining on the melon-hill, then he gathered up the mess and threw it among the burdocks on the other side of the garden fence. After which his long legs carried him down to the Italians' fruit store, and, when he came out again, he bore a bulging paper bag. Hurrying up street, he reached the Barker yard—reached Bobbie's ill-fated melon-patch, and then—and then!

The Barkers came home from the country fair, and Bobbie went out to his 'garden.' There had been melons at the fair, and the sight of them had filled him with fresh affection for his own solitary treasure. He bent over the brown mound, parted the green leaves, and—oh, wonder of wonders!

'Ma! ma!' Bobbie shouted. 'Do come here. Why, my melon has grown lots just while I've been gone! And it's so ripe that it's loosened itself from the stem. Oh-ee! it's perfectly lovely!'

The Plymouth Rock stuck his red comb through the chicken-yard fence and crowed derisively, but Bobbie didn't notice him.

And Harry Wood was chuckling to himself across the street, as he said, 'That quarter I was saving towards my new air-gun is gone, but I don't care. The joke was worth twenty-five cents. And, anyhow, a big fellow kind of ought to look out for a little fellow.'

Patty Temple's Sweetening.

(Lulu Linton, in the 'Household.')

It was Saturday morning and raining. Did you ever hear of anything so dreadful? Patty Temple thought that she never had, for her cousin Grace had promised to spend the day with her if it did not rain and they had planned so many things to play. Patty's mamma had promised them a tea party out in the grape arbor and now the naughty rain had spoiled it all. Patty drummed on the window, kicked at the footstool and was so cross and ugly that at last mamma said:

'Patty, you may take your chair and sit out in the woodshed until you think you can bring in a sweeter temper; we are tired of such a sour little girl.'

Patty went out in the woodhouse, where she and Grace had planned to arrange two houses and play 'come to see.' It made her temper worse just to think about it; so she sat down, determined to pout all day long. There were barrels and boxes all along one side of the woodhouse and Patty had been told that she must never climb on them; but after she had pouted a while, something seemed to whisper to her: 'Patty, why don't you climb on that barrel in the centre and play that you are a queen on her throne. It will be such a nice play and you have been so disappointed and mistreated, poor child.'

Patty sprang up willfully and climbed up on the barrel. She was soon playing gayly, making believe that she was a queen and that all the barrels and boxes were her subjects, when all at once in went the floor of her throne and down, down went Patty, right into the barrel of molasses. The barrel was almost full and when Patty's feet touched the bottom the molasses came up under her plump chin.

Her mamma came running when she heard the pitiful cries and lifted a very sticky, tearful little girl out of the barrel. The pretty, blue dress was ruined and there was a great scratch across one of her cheeks.

All of the family joined in pitying and petting her, never once asking how she happened to be on the barrel; but at night, when mamma was tucking her up in bed, Patty threw both arms around her neck and said penitently: 'Mamma, if I had not disobeyed you, I would not have fallen into the barrel; I'm so sorry I disobeyed you; but mamma, I b'lieve I've surely sweetened my temper for a whole year.'

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LESSON IV.—APRIL 26.

Acts xxi., 3-13.

Golden Text.

The will of the Lord be done.—Acts xxi., 14.

Home Readings.

Monday, April 20.—Acts xxi., 3-16.
Tuesday, April 21.—Matt. x., 16-26.
Wednesday, April 22.—Luke ix., 57-62.
Thursday, April 23.—II. Cor. iv., 6-18.
Friday, April 24.—Phil. i., 18-30.
Saturday, April 25.—Acts xi., 19-30.
Sunday, April 26.—John xi., 6-16.

(By R. M. Kurtz.)

1. And it came to pass, that after we were gotten from them, and had launched, we came with a straight course unto Coos, and the day following unto Rhodes, and from thence unto Patara:

2. And finding a ship sailing over unto Phenicia, we went aboard, and set forth.

3. Now when we had discovered Cyprus, we left it on the left hand, and sailed into Syria, and landed at Tyre: for there the ship was to unlade her burden.

4. And finding disciples, we tarried there seven days: who said to Paul through the Spirit, that he should not go up to Jerusalem.

5. And when we had accomplished those days, we departed and went our way, and they all brought us on our way, with wives and children, till we were out of the city: and we kneeled down on the shore and prayed;

6. And when we had taken our leave one of another, we took ship, and they returned home again.

7. And when we had finished our course from Tyre, we came to Ptolemais, and saluted the brethren, and abode with them one day.

8. And the next day we that were of Paul's company departed, and came unto Caesarea. And we entered into the house of Philip the evangelist, which was one of the seven, and abode with him.

9. And the same man had four daughters, virgins, which did prophesy.

10. And as we tarried there many days, there came down from Judea a certain prophet, named Agabus.

11. And when he was come unto us, he took Paul's girdle and bound his own hands and feet, and said: Thus said the Holy Ghost, So shall the Jews of Jerusalem bind the man that owneth this girdle, and shall deliver him into the hands of the Gentiles.

12. And when we heard these things, both we and they of that place besought him not to go up to Jerusalem.

After the ship bearing Paul and his companions had sailed from Miletus, on the western coast of Asia Minor, it came to Coos, a small but important island about forty miles from Miletus. The next day they proceeded to Rhodes. Rhodes was an island of much fame, about fifty miles south-east of Coos. From Rhodes they sailed eastward to a seaport on the mainland, Patara. At Patara the apostolic party changed ships. Probably the one upon which they had just been travelling was a comparatively small coasting vessel, and they now wanted a ship capable of the long voyage across the eastern Mediterranean sea. This ship was going to Phenicia, a country of Syria, east of the Mediterranean and north of the Holy Land, prominent in the commerce of that day.

In the course of this voyage from Patra to Tyre, the chief city of Phenicia, the ship sailed within sight of Cyprus. What memories must have risen in Paul's mind as this great island came into view. When Paul and Barnabas were first separated from the other disciples at Antioch and led to undertake special work, they were directed to Cyprus. See Acts xiii., 1-12. Then, again, when Paul and Barnabas were planning to set forth from Antioch a second time to revisit the brethren among whom they had preached, they had a dispute over John Mark, and on account of it they ceased their work together. Paul went with Silas to parts of Syria and Asia Minor, but Barnabas took John Mark and sailed off to Cyprus.

Tyre was one of the greatest and most important commercial cities in all that part of the world. In Paul's time it was located on an island and about half a mile from the mainland. Ezekiel the prophet thus speaks of a coming disaster that should overtake Tyre, which at first was built on the mainland: 'And they shall make a spoil of thy riches, and make a prey of thy merchandise: and they shall break down thy walls, and destroy thy pleasant houses: and they shall lay thy stones and thy timber and thy dust in the midst of the water.' Ezekiel xxvi., 12. This was literally fulfilled about two hundred and fifty years later, for Alexander the Great besieged the city and actually scraped the dust of the place to get material for a great pier or mole extending from the mainland to the island upon which the latter city was built.

The time of this lesson was A.D. 57. The entire journey from Miletus, where we left the apostle about to sail, is calculated to have required about four weeks. For the purpose of making the lesson more complete we will include verses 13 and 14, and will outline it as follows:

1. The Sojourn at Tyre. Verses 3-6.
2. The Apostolic Party Goes to Caesarea. 7-9.
3. Paul Urged not to go to Jerusalem. 10-12.
4. Paul's Reply. 13, 14.

The vessel which bore Paul and his friends put into Tyre, so Paul and the others landed. You have no doubt noticed by this time, that Paul was no idler; when he found himself in any city, he at once sought out the people of God, that he might be associated with them. So it was in Tyre. They tarried until the ship which brought them should be unloaded and take on a new cargo.

The very first thing we find out about this visit to these disciples was that they sought to persuade Paul from going to Jerusalem. Knowing, through the Spirit, the dangers that threatened Paul at Jerusalem, these friends of the Apostle sought to persuade him not to risk himself among his enemies in that city. Their knowledge of the danger came through the Spirit, but their advice was their own.

After the seven days of their stay at Tyre were over, they again went on board ship, and the Greek words used indicate that they sailed from Tyre upon the same vessel that had brought them there. We are reminded, in verses 5, 6, of the farewell scene at Miletus, which we lately studied. Paul was not only a clear and convincing preacher of the Gospel, but seems also to have been a much beloved man. The disciples show him the utmost love and respect, as we see here, even the women and children following him to the shore where again a farewell prayer ascends.

After leaving Tyre, they sailed to Ptolemais, a place about thirty miles south of Tyre, and now called Acre. A day was spent with the brethren of this place also. The next day they continued their journey and came to Caesarea, the Roman capital of Palestine, and the residence of the rulers of Judea. It was on the sea coast also, and was a magnificent city, built by Herod the Great and named after Caesar. Caesarea had already been the scene of some Christian activity, and it is not surprising to find that Paul and his company stayed there 'many days.'

Philip the evangelist, with whom they stayed, is not to be confused with Philip the apostle. The Philip of this lesson was one of the seven appointed to look after the care of the poor. Acts vi. and viii. In Acts viii., 40, we read, 'But Philip was found at Azotus: and passing through he preached, in all the cities, till he came to Caesarea.' The word, 'evangelist' comes from the same origin as the word 'Gospel,' and means a herald of good news. He had four daughters who prophesied, or, in other words, interpreted the Word of God, that being the meaning here.

'A certain prophet, named Agabus,' soon after arrived. It has been supposed that he was the same who had formerly predicted a famine. Acts xi., 27-30. He now in a vividly realistic way shows what is to befall the Apostle when he comes to Jerusalem, declaring that the Holy Ghost so speaks. Taking Paul's girdle, used to bind or confine the loose clothing worn in that region and time, Agabus binds it about his own hands and feet, to make his words more impressive. Notice that, while the Jews at Jerusalem are to bind Paul, he is to be delivered to the Gentiles. It is not recorded that Agabus tried to persuade Paul one way or the other, but the Apostle's companions in travel and his friends at Caesarea united in begging him not to go to Jerusalem.

One of the important teachings to be drawn from this lesson may be touched upon here, and that is our individual responsibility to God, and his ordering of our lives. When a man is called of God to a certain work, very often friends, perhaps themselves good Christian people, try to dissuade him from his course, because they have not as clear vision as he concerning his duty. God does not deal with us merely as sons, daughters, brothers, sisters, fathers, mothers, husbands, wives or friends of each other, but he deals with us as individuals, responsible to him, and for each of whom he has a definite plan.

We do not mean that one is not to counsel with friends over the various perplexing questions that confront us in this life, but he is not to allow their advice to decide him without taking into consideration his own personal duty, especially where God's plan for him is concerned. God leads men to take up certain lines of work by impressing the duty upon them through his Spirit, and by providential leadings.

'The steps of a good man are ordered by the Lord: and he delighteth in his way.' Psalm xxxvii., 23.

We go a little beyond the prescribed Scripture lesson, and consider Paul's reply, which is rightfully a part of this subject. In verse 13 he exclaims, 'What mean ye to weep and to break mine heart?' Here his loving and sensitive nature was shown. He felt that he must carry out his work, whatever was to happen to him personally, but it distressed him greatly to see his friends so troubled about him. He doubtless thought, also of the loneliness that would oppress them, should he by any means be taken from them altogether.

Paul's consecration is complete—'for I am ready not to be bound only, but also to die at Jerusalem for the name of the Lord Jesus.' No wonder Paul has power as a preacher of the Gospel! No comfortable pastorate for him, no honors from men, no income suitable to a man of his rank and ability, no safety from bodily harm even, but rather he endures hardship, scourgings, perils by land and sea, treachery, enmity, toil and sorrows, 'for the name of the Lord Jesus.' It is such devotion as this that moves Heaven to come to the worker's aid and enables him to bring things to pass on earth.

'And he said unto them, Verily I say unto you, There is no man that hath left house, or parents, or brethren, or wife, or children, for the kingdom of God's sake, Who shall not receive manifold more in this present time, and in the world to come life everlasting.'

The heroic spirit of Paul was contagious, for when they heard him declare his resolution and saw how consecrated he was, both his companions and the disciples of Caesarea ceased trying to influence him against his purpose, and exclaimed, 'The will of the Lord be done.'

It takes men of this stamp to lead in

great undertakings, men absolutely devoted and given up to duty, men who consider neither comfort, friends or life when the cause in hand is concerned. And what object can equal the work of spreading the Gospel in grandeur and in its results?

C. E. Topic

Sunday, April 26.—Topic—An evening with Arctic missions. Job xxxviii., 22, 23, 29, 30.

Junior C. E. Topic

LESSONS FROM THE RAIN.

Monday, April 20.—God's gift. Acts xiv., 17.

Tuesday, April 21.—Comes in season. Deut. xi., 14.

Wednesday, April 22.—Like God's truth. Deut. xxxii., 2.

Thursday, April 23.—Like Christ. Ps. lxxii., 6.

Friday, April 24.—Prayed for. Jas. v., 17.

Saturday, April 25.—Rainbow like Christ. Ezekiel i., 28.

Sunday, April 26.—Topic—What we can learn from the rain. Gen. ix., 13-15; Matt. v., 44, 45.

The Increase of Inebriety.

Though the coarser forms of public intoxication are less prominent than was the case some years ago, and the alcoholic is not perhaps seen in the street intoxicated so frequently as was the case, there is evidence that inebriety is not on the decrease, but rather the reverse. The increased consumption per head of strong drink and the greater prominence of all forms of nervous diseases are facts in evidence. The perils to health from the use of alcohol are better understood, and yet the increase of insanity and all forms of neurotic diseases from the use of alcohol are significant of the fact that inebriety has not yet begun to diminish. The grosser effect may not be seen, but few people realize the large numbers who, after an uncertain period of continuous or irregular drinking, become neurotic and generally sink to all stages of imbecility and eccentricity, dying in some hospital, leaving a defective family to grow up and follow in their footsteps. The feeble-minded, the idiotic, the epileptic, the defectives, and the tramps from which the criminal and pauper classes are recruited, are in the majority of cases traceable to alcoholic ancestors and to alcohol alone. The effect of alcohol on the modern man of to-day is both general and local paralysis, not the sudden and wild but temporary insanity of intoxication, but the profound alteration and general lowering of all vital functions.—'Temperance Record.'

Selections from Stevenson A. Blackwood.

('The Temperance Record.')

'Your influence and example become tenfold greater when you are able to say, I am not asking you to do anything that I have not done myself.'

'You may say these are small things, and ought not to be put on such a high platform. Not so. There are no little things when Christ's honor and the salvation of souls are concerned.'

'He wished them to be pledged abstainers and thus avoid the snare in which he remained for twenty years of his Christian life, thinking he could influence others by an example of moderate drinking.'

'When I went into the Post-Office I had to sign a declaration that I would not divulge any of the secrets of H.M. Postmaster-General. Did I say, "I cannot sign this; the grace of God is sufficient to keep me from disloyalty?" Nothing of the kind. It is not so much that people have conscientious objection to pledges, but they want to leave a back door open to indulgence.'

'You never can tell that, being once induced to take a little, you will not some day unconsciously overstep the line where moderation gives place to excess. I have known those who, advanced both in years and piety, having been moderate drinkers all their lives, have, without knowing it, taken that which disturbed the balance of their brain, and who thus have presented the lamentable spectacle of an aged Christian maudlin with drink.'

'Only the Gospel of Christ could save the soul, but there were those who couldn't hear it. Their senses were stupefied, their minds blunted, their ears deaf, and their eyes closed, so that the sweet story of the Gospel was nothing to them. . . . He used to be deluded with the belief that to urge Temperance on the people was a disparagement of the power of the Gospel—the latter being in itself sufficient, but he now thought that that also was a sophism.'

The Tobacco Habit.

'The Medical Brief,' a magazine which claims to have the largest circulation of any medical journal in the world, in an editorial article says:

The effect of the excessive use of tobacco in weakening the heart, enfeebling digestion, and depressing the nerve centres is illustrated on every hand, more especially among the adolescent of the male sex. . .

The toxic agency in tobacco seems to spend itself on the nerve centres, weakening their control, and absorbing the energies of the individual. It does not appear to alter the constitution of protoplasm as does alcohol; but it deprives the system of tone, of reserve force, diminishes a man's stamina, keeps him chronically run down and susceptible to the unfriendly influences of environment.

Like all habits, the use of tobacco tends to grow upon all but men of the strongest will power. Few can quit even when it is made plain to them how much harm it is doing.

Dr. J. N. Bishop, of New York city, who for five years was Mrs. Wm. McKinley's physician, and was thus brought into intimate relations with President McKinley, and whose frequent visits to the White House gave him opportunities to know the President personally and intimately in his domestic life, said, when he first heard of the assault upon Mr. McKinley, and the nature of the wounds, he had no hope of his recovery, knowing that his long and frequent smoking had given him what is sometimes called tobacco heart.

An Honest Doctor.

Precept is good, but practice is better. The power of example is very great. Dr. Gregory, of Scotland, was an eminent physician who set an excellent example to his patients, for he believed in total abstinence, and was himself a total abstainer. He was once called to visit a lady who was often affected by singular paroxysms of the nerves. The doctor inquired if she was accustomed to take anything at such times. She replied, 'Nothing.' 'What, nothing at all?' 'Why, sometimes I do just take a thimbleful of brandy.' The doctor immediately took up his hat and stick and said, 'Madam, good morning. Give up your brandy, and you will be well in six weeks; keep to your brandy, and you will be in your grave in six months.'—'League Journal.'

Expiring Subscriptions.

Would each subscriber kindly look at the address tag on this paper? If the date thereon is April, 1903, it is time that the renewals were sent in so as to avoid losing a single copy. As renewals always date from the expiry of the old subscriptions, subscribers lose nothing by remitting a little in advance.

Correspondence

Sherkston, Ont.

Dear Editor,—One of my sisters went to the Rocky Mountains last September. At night she teaches Italians and Chinese. She says she likes it. I am glad Easter is almost here, as I am going to visit my sisters in Netherby. We have taken the 'Messenger' for a great many years, perhaps twelve or fifteen years. We live near Lake Erie. It is about one-half mile from our school-house. There is a large limestone quarry near the lake. They have a lot of machinery there, and are putting in more, as they intend to send a lot of limestone to the Buffalo Steel Works. They say that it amounts to about 1,000,000 tons. My papa sold a lot of oak to them, and another man sold one hundred thousand feet of pine, and half as much as that of maple for docking. They will have five hundred men working there this summer. My birthday is on January 2.

KATIE S. (age 10).

Janeville, N.B.

Dear Editor,—I get the 'Messenger' from my aunt in Teteagauche, and like it very much. I am the youngest of the family, and the only girl. I have two brothers, Waldron and Clyde. I belong to the Presbyterian church and attend the Presbyterian Sunday-school. I go to school every day, and I am in the fourth reader. I have about fourteen lessons to learn. I lead the singing in school. Our teacher's name is Miss E., and our Sunday-school teacher is Mrs. C. Last Thursday our teacher took ill, and she had to dismiss school. Mamma and two other ladies were waiting at the station to go to a lumber camp, and my brother and I took advantage of it, and thought we would go too. We went back on a team of horses, and had a fine time. As we were coming out on a team we would only have a short time to stay, but as a young man was coming out, we did not have to come till six o'clock. Well, we had a very nice drive. My papa, brother and cousin work at the mill. Mr. O.B. owns it. I would like to see another letter from Rosehill. 'Cheer up, Allan,' and write another. Now, I have said enough, so I will close, and hope to see this letter in print.

BIRDIE C.

Boissevain, Man.

Dear Editor,—We live on a farm five miles from the town of Boissevain. We are three-fourths of a mile from the school. In the winter time we have a great deal of fun, sliding on the ice. There are three or four good-sized ponds near our school, and in the summer time there is water instead of ice. We manage to get quite a few strawberries and other small fruit. I have been canvassing to get subscribers for the 'Messenger,' I found it very interesting work. MARY E.

Los Angelos, Cal., U.S.A.

Dear Editor,—When I was a very small girl of about a year and a half, I came to Los Angelos with papa and mamma, and mamma remembers getting the 'Messenger' in the Sunday-school. I have often been told of how the little boys and girls amuse themselves in winter away up north there, in a place called Canada, tobogganing, skating, making snow men, snowballing and sleigh riding. I would like that fun if I would not get frozen. We have our fun playing all sorts of games, camping and bathing down on Long Beach, and roving through the orange and lemon groves. I get lots of oranges to eat here, but I would sooner have some eastern apples, which are very dear to buy here, two for a nickle; but I can get all the oranges I want for nothing. How much do they charge for our oranges up there? We grow apples here, but they are small, as the weather is too hot for them. Our crops are growing very nicely now, since our rainy season commenced, and we will reap our harvest about the first of May. Mamma says you grow your crop in summer.

but you see we grow ours in winter. I think that must be a very funny country of yours. Mamma says you have rain all the year round, but we only have rain in the wintertime. We have to resort to irrigation, and we have what is called pumping-stations, and the water is pumped up from rivers and wells into ditches, running all over the country; then the water is dammed up and the water overflows its banks, running over the land, and watering it. This is done only in summer time, when there is no rain. By irrigation we can grow two crops instead of your one, in the same year. We have lots of rattlesnakes out here, which is the largest snake we have. Have you got any big snakes up there. We grow lots of peanuts and walnuts over here. Some farmers have from sixty to a hundred acres of them alone. We have lots of big trees, some twelve and fifteen feet in diameter, mostly redwood, pine, cedar and spruce. Mamma tells me to put in these four lines, and it will show you what a nice country we live in:—

'Where leaf never dies
In the still blooming bowers,
And the bee buzzes on
Thro' a whole year of flowers.'

Write through your paper telling about your country, please.

ELSIE MAY G. (age 11).

P.S.—I hope this letter is not too long. I tried to make it as short as I could. My mamma came from Ontario.

Edmonton, Alta., N.W.T.

Dear Editor,—I live in northern Alberta, near the town of Edmonton, and so I am going to try and give you a short description of the town. Edmonton is situated on the north bank of the Saskatchewan river. The population is about 3,000. It contains a number of large brick stores and dwelling-houses, four banks, six hotels, and three schools. The Protestant publis school is a three story building with ten rooms. Edmonton is growing rapidly, and we hope before long it will be the greatest city of the west. There are three railways surveyed through the Edmonton district.

I live on a farm, and have a cat, a dog named Max, and a calf. I am twelve years of age, and am in the fifth class.

IDA McL.

Bradford, Ont.

Dear Editor,—I am a little girl nine years old. I live in a very pretty village. I go to school, and am in the second reader. My teacher's name is Miss P. She lives about five miles from here, and she wheels back and forward winter and summer. She is a good teacher, and everybody likes her. She has been here for a number of years. Our school has been closed down for a couple of weeks on account of the scarlet fever. There are two cases in town. I wonder if any other little girl's birthday is on the same as mine, December 9. We intend moving to the farm in a short time. I like the farm a good deal better than the village, because we have more room to play.

EDNA GRAY W.

Collingwood Corner.

Dear Editor,—I am a little boy of eight years of age. I am in my papa's lumber camp. I go to school every day, and am in the third reader. My birthday is on the eleventh of May. I wonder if any other little boy's or girl's birthday is on the same day as mine. I like to read the Correspondence and Little Folks' pages. Collingwood is a small town, and has quite a large river flowing through it. It is called the River Philip. I have no little brothers, and only one sister, who is in heaven. I have over forty cousins living. I have two grandfathers living and one grandmother. I have two pet dogs and one little kitten. I had a pet pigeon, and our cat killed it. I was so sorry about it. Our pastor is the Rev. John G. This is my first year for taking the 'Messenger,' and also my first letter. I was eight years old last May, and will be nine this May coming.

E. M. A.

A NEW STORY.

A New and Thrilling Story has been secured for the 'Messenger.' It will run serially, beginning about one month from date, and will extend about three months. The

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HOUSEHOLD.

Breakfast Experiences.

(Adelaide G. Merchant, in 'Advance.')

'Breakfast!' exclaimed Mrs. Wilmer, who was visiting Mrs. Peters, from a neighboring city; 'if any of you have ideas on the subject, please let me have them. That meal is a perfect bugbear to me.'

'If you had two hungry boys to feed,' replied Mrs. Price, 'you would have no trouble except to be enough of it.'

'That is just the trouble,' rejoined Mrs. Wilmer; 'my husband is not hungry. He does not want any meat for breakfast, and he hates made-over dishes, hash, etc.'

'I have known men who scorned "hash," but would eat a "mince" with great relish,' remarked Mrs. Ripley dryly. She was older than the other ladies present, and had at one time kept boarders in the city, though now she lived in this small town.

'Just what do you mean?' asked Mrs. Wilmer, with interest.

'Chop your bits of cold meat very fine, season pretty highly, add a little Worcestershire sauce, if you like. Make it moist with gravy left from your roast; if you have none, be extravagant and use a spoonful of cream. Boil some eggs hard, beat your mince hot, pile in the centre of a hot platter, be sure it is hot; arrange the sliced eggs around your meat. Give it to the man, with a muffin, or some toast and coffee, and I'm mistaken if he dosn't eat it.'

'It does sound appetizing,' said the young housekeeper.

'Your boys, Mrs. Price,' continued Mrs. Ripley, 'perhaps will not mind if the meat is a trifle coarser and the platter not quite so hot, but delicate appetites must be given consideration, and really this dish is not so much trouble as it sounds.'

'My great dependence for breakfast is eggs,' said Mrs. Peters, who had not spoken before.

'Oh, that is very well for you, who can always have them fresh,' replied the visitor.

'But, then one soon gets tired of eggs, always boiled or fried,' remarked another of the company.

'But there are so many ways to cook eggs,' exclaimed Mrs. Peters. 'One can vary almost indefinitely.'

'Tell me some of them; you know I am quite an inexperienced housekeeper.'

'Baked or shirred eggs, as some call them, are easy and appetizing,' was the answer. 'Butter slightly an earthern plate you are not afraid to put in the oven. Beat the whites of the eggs stiff and pile on the plate. Drop the yokes at regular intervals into the beaten whites, add salt and a bit of butter to each; bake until the yokes are cooked, which will take only a short time. Eggs may be cooked in the same way without beating the whites; the latter plan gives a prettier appearance.'

'That is what I want, something that looks tempting,' interrupted the young housekeeper.

'Then scrambled eggs, everybody knows how to cook.'

'Please tell us your way,' interposed Mrs. Price; 'I find sometimes I know less than I think I do.'

'Beat the eggs slightly, adding a spoonful of milk for each egg. Pour into a hot spider and stir until the whites are set, seasoning of course. They should be served the moment they are done. A variation of this is to serve on toast, a spoonful on each slice. Then there is the infinite variety of omelets.'

'Oh, yes, I can make an omelet. I learned that in cooking classes,' exclaimed the city lady.

'Try adding a little chopped chicken or cold boiled ham; spread on the omelet just before turning over. Another variety is to spread with jelly in the same way. Any kind of cold meat chopped fine can be used.'

'Let me add a word,' said Mrs. Peters. 'To have your breakfast a cheerful and well-served meal make a rule that the family all sit down together, not come down at different times, when the food is cold and unappetizing, or, what is more trying, demanding something special.'

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Powerful, Sweet-toned Violin, full size, Stradivarius model, made of selected wood, with highly polished top, inlaid edges and ebony finished trimmings, given for selling at **10c.** each only **15** large packages of **Sweet Pea Seeds.** Each package is beautifully decorated in **12** colors and contains 42 of the rarest prettiest and most fragrant varieties in every imaginable color. **They are hot sellers.** Everybody buys. Harry Smith, Sydney, C.B., said: "I sold all the Seeds in 5 minutes. They went like wildfire." A 50c. certificate free with each package. Write us a **Post Card** to-day and we will send the Seeds postpaid. N. McKenzie, Whitewood, B.C., says: "I am well pleased with my Violin. Everyone that sees it says it is worth $5.00." **Prize Seed Co.,** Dept 423 Toronto

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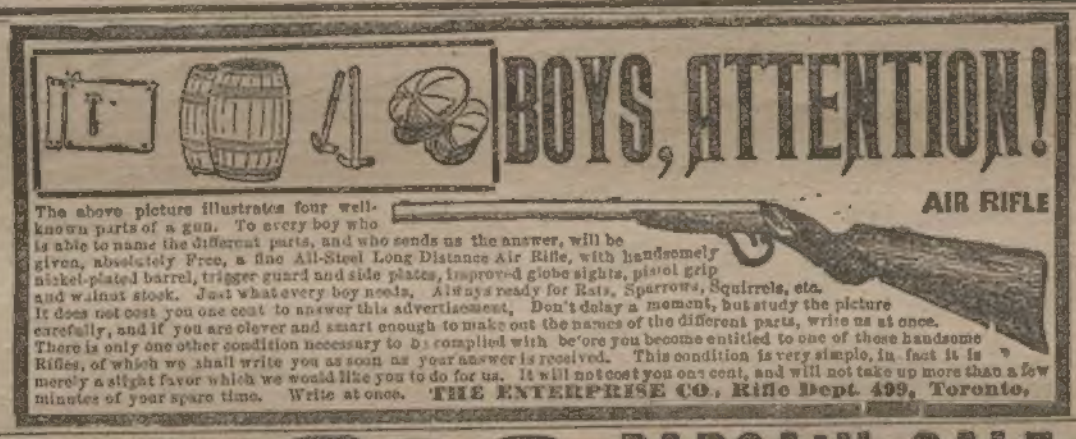

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We send you **15** large beautifully colored pictures, each 16x22 inches named "The Angels Whisper," "The Family Record," "Christ before Pilot," "Rock of Ages." These pictures are handsomely finished in 12 colors and could not be bought for less than 50c. each in any store. You sell them for 25c. each, send us the money, and for your trouble we send you a handsome gold-finished **Double Hunting Case** Watch, lady's or Gent's size, richly and elaborately engraved in solid gold designs, with stem wind and set, accurately adjusted reliable imported movement. Write us a **post card** to-day and we will mail you the pictures postpaid, also our large illustrated Premium List showing dozens of other valuable prizes. Address, Home Art Co., Dept. 408 Toronto.

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GIRLS! We trust you with **10** large beautifully colored packages of **Sweet Pea Seeds** to sell for us at **10c.** each. For your trouble we will give you a beautiful gold finished **Opal Ring, also a Gold** or **Silver** composition, full size curb chain **Bracelet.** Remember, you get **both the Ring and Bracelet** for selling only **10** packages. **Everybody buys our Seeds.** They are the easiest sellers ever handled. Mary Species, Mono Mills, Ont., said: "I no sooner opened my parcel than I had all the seeds sold. They went like wildfire." Write us a **post card** to-day and we will send you the seeds postpaid. A 50c. certificate free with each package. **Dominion Seed Co.,** Dept **451** Toronto.

ENAMELLED LADY'S WATCH FREE

for selling at **10c.** each only **2 doz.** Lemon, Vanilla and Almond **Non-alcoholic Flavoring Powders.** One package equals 20c. worth of Liquid Flavoring and is far better. Used by the leading caterers, hotels and restaurants. **Every housekeeper buys them.** A 50c. certificate free with each package. Miss E. Eastcott, Shoal Lake, Man., said: "I sold all the Flavoring Powders in half an hour. It is just play to sell it." You can easily earn this beautiful little watch in a few minutes. It is open face, with fancy decorated dial, gold hands and stem wind and set, reliable imported works. The case is solid silver nickel, beautifully finished with a large rose with buds and leaves elegantly enamelled in seven colors, a perfect copy of Nature's art. Nothing half so beautiful has ever been offered for so little work. Edna Robinson, Powassan, Ont., said: "I received my watch in good order and think it is a perfect beauty." Send us a **post card** to-day and we will mail you the Flavoring Powders postpaid. Standard Flavoring Co. Dept. 465 Toronto

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14K. GOLD WATCH FREE

What is the use of spending $25.00 or $50.00 for a Watch when you can get one for nothing that looks like a Solid Gold Watch and keeps time equal to any $50.00 Watch. Here is your chance. We will give this handsome reliable Watch to any person who will sell for us only **16 Canadian Home Cook Books** at **15c.** each. These Books are nicely printed, beautifully bound and each contains **739** choice recipes. **Every Lady buys one.** A 50c. certificate free with each Book. This is not a cheap pocket clock, but a handsome Watch, finished in 14k. gold, elegantly engraved, beautifully ornamented, stem wind and set, fitted with reliable American works, carefully timed and adjusted before leaving the factory, and positively guaranteed by the maker. If you could afford to pay $50.00 for a Watch you could not get one that would look better, or keep better time than the one we here offer you absolutely free. T. F. Dunbar, Renfrew, Ont., says: "I sold the Watch for $5.00 as soon as I got it." Write us a **Post Card** to-day and we will send the Cook Books postpaid. They sell themselves. **The Home Specialty Co., Dept. 474, Toronto, Ont.**

TOOT! TOOT! TOOT!

Boys! Look Here. A real Steam Engine and Boiler **Free.** Powerful, smooth running, easy to operate. Has safety valve, whistle, steam dome, stationary cylinder, piston cross head connecting rod, and crank shaft with fly wheel attached. A perfect engine, given for selling only **1 doz. Glass Pens** at **10c.** each. These wonderful Pens are made entirely of glass. They never rust, never wear out and write a page with one dip of ink. **They sell easily everywhere.** M. E. Bush, Rose Island, Ont., says: "The Pens sell like hot cakes. Everyone is pleased with them." Write us a **Post Card** to-day and we will send the Pens postpaid. A 50c. Certificate free with each Pen. **THE PEN CO., DEPT. 413, TORONTO, Ontario**

BOY'S PRINTER

A complete printing office, three alphabets of rubber type, bottle of best indelible ink, type holder, self-inking pad, and type tweezers. You can print 500 cards, envelopes, or tags in an hour and make money. Price with instructions, 25c., postpaid. The Novelty Co., Box 61 Toronto.

THE 'NORTHERN MESSENGER' is printed and published every week at the 'Witness' Building, at the corner of Craig and St. Peter streets, in the city of Montreal, by John Redpath Dougall and Frederick Eugene Dougall, both of Montreal.

All business communications should be addressed 'John Dougall & Son,' and all letters to the editor should be addressed Editor of the 'Northern Messenger.'